truths, ten years hence I might repent it. Shail we play fautastic tricks with God's children, with philosophy, or our crade notions of theology? God's children are worth more than all clee. Would I not have been raised to a tempest of indignation if a nurse had injured one of my children by food or medicine? God does not care for forms or creeds, but take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones,

CLASSON AVENUE PRESENTERIAL CHIRCH.

Sermon by Rev. Dr. Duryea-"The Tempta-

tion of Christ." There was an immense congregation in attendance at this church yesterday morning. This large attendance was probably caused, to a certain extent, by a statement which was published in one of the papers on Saturday to the effect that the pastor, Dr. Duryea, would make some explanation or remarks in regard to a sermon recently delivered by him, in which he set forth his views on the total abstinence question. There was no truth, however, in this publication, as Dr. Duryea had no futention of adverting to the subject. The sermon in ques-

religious newspapers. The text of the sermon yesterday was selected from St. Matthew i., 15—"Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be the devit." Dr. Duryea said that the first event in the history of man was when God gave him life and placed him in Paradise. Man was adapted to all the conditions of his existence, and all circumstances of his existence were adapted to him. It is singular that the narrative is

MAN'S LIPE IN EDEN.

It would seem that there was no history until man's moral nature was called into action, and that by temptation. The first event in the history of the public life of our Lord is a trial. The same person public life of our Lord is a trial. The same person who appeared in Eden appeared to Him. First, Adam, the primitive man; second, Adam the ultimate man, templed of the same person, the adversary of God. Let us place between these two examples of trial any one of ourselves. When is it that we first awake to a distinct consciousness of our personalit, and a distinct comprehension of our destiny? Is it not when we are first called to debate with ourselves concerning right and wrong? Is it not singular that that which is first in our moral history should have been recorded as relatively, it not absolutely, first in the history of the first man, and relatively, it not absolutely, first in the history of the Ribe? We desire, then, to stand before this great fact of

great fact of THE TEMPTATION OF OUR LORD and gain confort and uelp from thought of it. In erder to obtain a correct understanding of it we need to obtain a correct understanding of it we need to bring upon ourselves a distant conception of his person. If we regard thin as only divine we cannot see how he could be tempted. If we regard thin as human we cannot see how fle could have withstood temptation. Regarding Him as divine miniman we can see now, on the one hand, He could support thinself by the energy of this divine resources, and at the same time expose Himself by the desire, affection and weakness of this fluide humanity. We cannot conceive that He was at all unconscious of timself. His language always conveys the impression that

weys the impression that

HE KNEW WHENCE HE CAME

and whom He was. He speaks of Hunself as having

some down from heaven. What, then, was the relation of the divine person to the humanity? He did

not take upon Himself merely the form of man, but not take upon Himself merely the form of man, but the took upon Himself our manhood in all its essential elements. Why, then, must he become lacarnate afterwards? Because He mast take upon Himself a real humanity and become completely man. Not simply to walk earth a divine person shrouded in the form of human flesh, but to walk among men completely a divine man. He therefore must be born. We must conceive that He came down to

HUMAN WAYS OF TRINKING and feeling, else He would not have been a real man. He had a finite mind and a finite heart. Let as conceive this witholding lits will from drawing apon divine resources. The circumstances of this constitution were peculiar, indicating that it was a social at temptation. No doubt He was subject to emptation, as we all are, from the very moment of personal consciousness. The very moment He became conscious of self and action He became exposed to trial. Dr. Durves spoke of the temptation, and into connection therewise said that

posed to trial. Dr. Duryea spoke of the temptation, and in connection therewith sand that HE BELIEVED IN THE DEVIL.

The devil is a very shrewd being, and altogether too near to you and to me. He has altogether too mech influence over us. Dr. Duryea said he was not willing to make the devil a ghost and laugh at him after he was alraid of him. We had the example of one who had met trial in all its forms and passed successfully through. Let us, then, remember that it is by faith in Him that we ourselves shall be able to overcome evil.

CLINTON AVENUE BAPTIST CHIRCH.

The Docteine of Sanctification-Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Hiscox.

The Rev. Mr. Hiscox, of the Chnton avenue Baptist church, preached an excellent sermon yester day morning on the proper term of "sanctification," He took for his text the following: -- "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification."-Thessalonians iv., 3. The doctrine of 'sanctification," as the personal happiness of the regenerate spiritual people of God, is one cialmed, and held to, in some sense, by all Evangencal churches and professed Caristians. Optnions, cation, the manner of its application, the extent to which it may and ought to be carried on, and the means by which it is secured. There were persons in every community who had what may be termed

EXTREME VIEWS touching this doctrine as to its nature and extent and the means used to secure it Publications were sustained and meetings held to further what was called "holiness," "sanctification," "entire consecration," the higher Christian life, full salvation, and such like. That this is a question of impertance all must concede who believed in an inward spiritual and divine life imparted in the soul by the spirit of God as the germ of the future and eternal life of purity and bliss, for which the people of God look and hope through Christ. It was very possible

of this, as of every other fact in religious faith and practice. What was the teaching of the New Testament on the subject? If we could understand that it would settle all debate and give us the truth. The word "sanctification" was found nearly three hundred times in the New Testament in its various forms. It was most frequently rendered as "holy," "holiness" and "to make noly." It was applied most frequently to the spirit of God as the "Holy spirit, "Holy Father," "noly Apostles," "holy city," 'Holy Child," "hely prophets," "holy anges!" and the like. God's people were called "saints"—that is, "holy ones." That was the meaning of the word "saint," and in this sense it was used more than fity times in the Testament. The word "saintword "saint," and in this season. The word "sanc-than fifty umes in the Testament. The word "sanc-tification," the fact of being made holy, or the state of holiness, was found but five times.

of holiness, was found but five times.

THE ACT OF BANCTIFYING.

or the fact of being sanctified, was mentioned some twenty-five times. Now what was "holiness," or "sanctification," as the terms were used synonymously in the New Testament? There were three different uses and meanings of holiness. First, a person or thing is said to be "holy" when set apart and devoted to a sacred and holy use, especially if it be done by sacred rites and services. This was the more common use of the term. All the first born of the flock were to be sanctified: so was the tabernacie and altar and be sanctified; so was the tabernacie and altar all the utensils to be used in the sacred service.

GOD SANCTIFIED THE SABBATH.

The temple was sanctified for eight days. The ord said, "For their sakes I sanctify Myself; devote Mysell to a holy work." All persons, things and places set apart and devoted to God were called "moly." Second-Hollness was used in the sense of an actual personal purity and freedom from sin.

an actual personal purity and freedom from sin.

"Sanctity and

CLEANSE THE CHURCH,"

says the Apostle. Its purity was here micheded.

"This is the will of God, even your sanctification."

"Be ye holy, for I am holy. Third—Holtiness, or sanctification, was used in the sense of an imputed righteousness from Christ, applied to believers. Thus the apostle says of Christ that He is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redeemeth. "Christ is the seed of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." Now, it was in the second of these senses in which the words were generally used to indicate the doctrine of personal holiness, spirity and cleansing from sin in the soul and in the life. That this was demanded and was the privilege of all there was no doubt. But to what extent was this Personal to the provided of the soul become absolutely free from the power, love and pollution of Sin in this life? If so, how and when? If not, to what degree might it go and by what means? Were we doing what was our privilege and duty in the case? The theory of the life of personal godiness in the soul was understood to be taught in the Scriptures and held in general by Evangeica: Christians as follows:—First, that by mature we are shird and sinners, destitute of holiness and without any love to God in the soul: second, that in regeneration there is the beginning of a New Spiritual. LIFE

sed in the soul: second, that in regeneration there is the beginning of a NEW SPIRITUAL LIFE

IMPRIATE THE SOUL BY the SPIRIT OF GOD, a disposition to love Ced and holiness, and an inclination not only to please God and do flis will, but also to be like Him. Third—That this germ and principle of the new life is at first small. It is called "being born again," Such are spoken of as "nabas in Christ" and as "new born bases." Fourth—That this work in the soul is gradual but progressive, being hindered by the interposition of Satan, by the influence of the sinflu world and by the remaining corruption of our own nature.

The reveread gentleman proceeded to show that

every one was, as we might say, a double self-created in true holiness, who loved and hon God, and the other corrupt and unsanctified, was ever at war with righteousness, and it repr courage on the part of the Christian to withs the temptations of the evil spirit. There was no timation in the Scriptures that the soul might come

SINLESSLY PERFECT SINLESSLY PERIPORT in this life, but some might reach a higher degree of holiaess than others. This was by more prayer, abundant works and sacrifices for Christ. Those who had manifestly obtained the highest degree of holiaess were the most humble and who counted themselves the most sinful and unworthy. He hoped that they might so live in this world that they would be acceptable unto God in the end.

ST. JAMES' CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

Rev. Father McSherry. The delightful weather of yesterday brought

nametse crowds of worshippers to the various Catholic churches of Brooklyn, but to none of them a more devout and faithful congregation than that that which was present in the church known as the Cathedral of St. James, or the Bishop's church. When this ediffice was erected the prospects of Catholicity on Long Island were not so hopeful as they are now. At the present time the spiritual necessities of the Catholic people of Brooklyn and vicinity require the constant building of new temples of worship, and, while the efforts in this direction are truly wonderful, no one seems destrous of even recouching the intile cathedral, or altering, in the smallest degree, its venerable appearance, with which the public have become so familiar. This is right. It is well to preserve some of the old innamarks which link the past with the present and enable us to judge between what was done in times gone by and what may be expected now and in the fature, so far as regards

CHURCH ACCOMMODATION for those who stand much in want of it. Without assuming to know what the feelings of Bishop Loughlin are upon the subject, it may safely be inferred that he has a regard, amounting almost to veneration for this little eathedral and that while larger and finer structures, of the parochias class, are springing up in different quarters of the city he is content with his church in Jay street, with its new cathedral, a portion of the walls of which have been raised, shall aford ample room for the celebra-

been raised, shall adord ample room for the celebration of the ceremonies of the Church with that splendor which espitvates the senses and engages the best emotions of the soul.

Yesterday being the festival of St. Joseph, St. James' Cathedral was crowded at solema high mass, which began at half-past ten o'clock, the officiating dergymen being the Rev. Dr. Turner, Rev. Mr. Mosherry and Rev. Mr. Boyce. So fine was the day that nearly all the doors and whichows of the church were open, the sun pouring a food of light upon the altar, the priest and the congregation.

At the Gospel the Rev. Father Mesnerry ascenden the pulpit and preached an cloquent and appropriate sermon. After a brief reference to the lestival and to the honor that had been conferred on St. Joseph, who was permitted to remain so long on St. Joseph, who was permitted to remain so long in the society of our blessed Lord, over whose youth he had watched, the reverend gentleman observed he had watched, the reverend gentleman observed upon the meakness, humility and sweetness displayed by the Saviour during his life on earth. This should be to us an example that we ought to treasure during the whole period of our lives, and if we followed it, obeying

THE LAW AND WILL OF GOD

In all things, the joys of heaven would be our reward; we would be raised up to elernal life, to remain forever in the society of the good, the just and the holy. But how could we expect

TO GAIN HEAVEN

main forever in the society of the good, the just and the holy. But how could we expect TO GAIN HEAVEN
If our conduct in life was not pleasing to Almighty Gody God gave us reason, will and judgment; and if we did not use these as agents for the attainment of our last end, which was eternal life, but abused them, setting aside the dictates of the heart, we set at maught the gifts of our Heavenly Father, who de sired that we should be

SAVED RATHER THAN PUNISHED.
We could avoid the punishment which God had it in his power to inflict by being good, virtuous, fauthful and attentive to our rengious duties; by paying heed to the laws of the Church, especially in this holy season of Lent, when the Church appealed to all her children to make peace with their heavenly Father.

The reverend gentleman strongly and carnestly urged all attenties to yield implicit obedience to the laws of God. If they did this they would promote their own happiness and give honor to God, who loved the pure and faithful of heart. For obedience to God and His holy law heaven would be our recompense. We would lose his favor and be cast away from his presence by disobedience and rebellion against his authority. Father McSherry having concluded his effective discourse, the high mass was preceded with to the close, after when the congregation retired from the church, evigently pleased that the celebration of St. Joseph's testival had fallen upon so propitions and beautiful a day.

FIRST REFORMED CHERCH.

Sermon by Rev. Dr. Porter-"The One Thing Needfu?"-Bogus and Genuine Piety.

At the First Reformed church, Bedford avenue, vesterday, the Ray, Dr. Porter delivered an excellent sermon, taking for his text the words from the tenth chapter of Luke, forty-second verse- But one thing is needful."

Refore proceeding to dilate upon the themes sucgested by the text the preacher made some observations on the designs and province of the Scriptures. which were to reveal the

NATURE, CHARACTER AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD to exhibit the Creator of the Universe to all his resplendent glory and power; secondly, to revent man to himself, to show him what are his responsibilities and his duties, and thirdly, to preciaim the conditions on which man may be released from the taraidom of sin and admitted to the companionship of the blessed. These designs have been fully accomplished in the pages of Holy Writ. No single item of information has been held from man essential to enable him to accompilsh the end of his existence-his eternal salvation. Difficulties there may be in the Bible which reason finds it difficult to reconcile with science: its moral inculcations, teaching the ways of truth and goodness, are such as all can comprehend. It is, perhaps, chiefly for this reason that the sible holds such a place in the affections of man. Its

pages are VITALIZED WITH THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH. VITALIZED WITH THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

A series of revelations, such as the Bible contains, ought, one would naturally expect, have great power over the actions of men, and such we find to be the case; for looking around we behold many whose lives are moduced by the gospel. In the words from which he had taken as text we are told that there is something needful. Upon the occasion on which thrist attered these words the Scripture presents to our view a beautiful and touching picture of domestic life. We behold Martha on hospitable thoughts intent, busied in household duties, table thoughts intent, busied in household duti-while Mary sits at the feet of Christ and atte tively listening to the words of wisdom in they fell from His divine tips. Martha, moensed a wnat she considered the indifference to the necessary household concerns manifested by Mary, addressed her complaint to our Lord regarding the conduct of

nonschool concerns manifested by Mary, addressed her complaint to our Lord regarding the conduct of her suster. And in reply to her remonstrances Jesus said to her, "But one thing is needful." What, the preacher asked, was that one thing needful? Indupliably it must be senething that cannot be taken from its possessor. The one thing needful was not healt nor beauts, for they are at best fleeting evanescent gits; nor friends, for they may prove treacherous; nor moner, for experience proves that it may take to useff wings and leave its owner. The one thing needful its something to harmonize our investment of the mast of our stringgle and oring to us peace in the midst of our stringgle and cares of existence. Some of them might neel in climed to call this one thing needful rengion. Well, they were partly right. But it should be remembered that there were many kinds of religion; there was a religion of pomp and pageantry, which filled the mind with ontward forms, but left the Soil with oak knowledge of God. The priess who parsed by the wounded man upon the roadside, without so much as dengining to glance at the side of the road on which he lay, no doubt thought himself religious, but he was mistaken. Then there was the religious but he was mistaken. Then there was the religion which came to church arrayed in beautiful garments, and which, during service, was imposed with the asmetic beauties of worship, but which returned into the onter world uninfluenced and antisoptred by the spirit of God. Some, again, might say that the one thing meetful was piety. To some extenti was, but he would remain them that there were many kinds of piety, some of which were bogus and avail not to salvation. There was sentimental piety, equal to the other more than the preached contributed in the salvation. There was sentimental piety, equal to the other conditions, it sought the paths of quietness and retirement, and effected good unobtrusively.

DEDICATION IN BROOKLYN.

street and Fifth avenue was formally dedicated to divine wership, under the patronage of St. Augustus, yesterday. The services were attended by a large concourse of people, Bishep Longhim perform-ing the ceremony of dedication, assisted by the pastor, Rev. Father Rhatagan, and Rev. Father Smith, of St. John's College. The building is 46x00 feet, two stories and basement, and will be used for a \$\int_{\text{chock}}\$ bouse as soon as the trustees feel that they call undertake the responsibility of building a

SERVICES IN WASHINGTON.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

Dr. Lewis on "The New Birth and the New Dispensation."

WASHINGTON, March 19, 1871.

Divine service at St. John's church to-day was conducted by Rev. Dr. Lewis, pastor of the church, who took for his text the fourth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Gaiatians, thirty-first verse-So, then, brothren, we are not children of the bondwomen, but of the iree." This Sunday is one of refreshment; one that brings refreshment to us all. It takes its name from the miracle of the feeding of the multitude, an allegory which conveys to our minds the spiritual foot which our Pather offers us always, more especially on the Sabbath day. It is a season of humility, and God having forgiven us our sins, we are here to thank Him for it; to thank Him that

the children of the new dispensation. St. Paul was teaching this difference in the allegery quoted to day. He was speaking then to the people of the Church. The old Mosaic law was the child of the bondwoman. Its children lived after that law and participated in it, and we, as the children of the new Church, learn by these words the freedom and wide privileges of our free birth. The apostolic days have swept away the old dispensation, and St. Paul invites us to seek a deeper and more satisfactory promise from the covernant of this birth of freedom. The language of meiaphor which St. Paul uses is intended to teach men by art and not by mathre. He takked by events with which his hearers were familiar, making it evident to them and to us that the meaning was intended to be conveyed. He taught us that the religion of faith is

TRUE OREDIENCE,

true reliance on the covernant of God's promises. God never meant man's natural theology should fail. The question, "What shall I do to be saved 12 is a strong and fair question. You must be born again, the child of the free woman, to enter Christ's kingdom. Our birth in boudage, the bondage of sin is the natural condition. The new birth, the orth of freedom, is God's love in our hearts which makes us say, "I will arise and go to my father." The life of true penntence is the only life. He accepts, out are we fit to go to Hilm. The question reaches us vitally. It sties us to thought and reflection, and men laugh at us and ask why we have grown plous so suddenly. But this should not weaken our religion. Let us laugh back like Isasc, firm in our religion. Let us He was speaking then to the people of the

There is no HYPOCRISY IN THE HUMILITY that makes us ask to be one of his servants. Let us enter in the broad field with determined energy. Let them ask then and we can say, "We are not children of the bondwoman, but of the free."

Personal Intelligence.

vesterday for Washington.

Mr. Benjamin F. Guild, editor of the Boston Rul. etin, is sojourning at the Westminster Hotel.

Captain L'Amy, of England, is quartered at the St. James Hotel. Mr. W. S. King, Postmaster of the House of Repreentatives, has arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Judge Folger, of the Supreme Court, has left the Fifth Avenue Hotel for Washington. Mr. S. G. McLaren, a prominent lawyer of Edinburg, Scotland, is among the arrivals at the Westminster Hotel.

Colonel W. R. Roberts, member of Congress, left the Metropolitan Hotel last evening for Washington,

NEW YORK CITY.

The following record will show the changes in the temperature for the past twenty-four hours in comparison with the corresponding day of last year, as

John Crimmins, a laborer, thirty two years of age. died to Bellevue Hospital on Saturday atternoon, from the effects of a tall from a scaffold at the new depot outlong, on the 2d instant.

James Flynn, a lad fourteen years of age, died at the residence of his parents, No. 314 East Twelfth street, on saturday. James fell from the roof of a shed, and thus received injuries which caused his death. Coroner Herrman was notified to hold an

At alayan algorit vastarday marning fire was discovered in the building of the New York Cas Company, No. 11 Mercer street. The building was damaged to the extent of \$800; insurance, if any, not known. The loss to the gas company will not fall short of \$1,500; insured for \$5,000.

Coroner Schirmer was yesterday called to hold an inquest at No. 47 Crosby street on the body of Antonio Cassiffelit, a child, four years of age, whose death resulted from injuries received on Thursday last by falling from a tuird story window to the pavement during the temporary absence of the parents from the room.

ANOTHER REPORTANT OUTRAGE.

Highway Robbery and Attempted Outrage on a Young Girl-An Old Offender Under

For a month past detective Martin Short, of Cantain Mullen's command, Williamsburg, has been in search of David Rice, a young man who had previously done the State some service for horse stealing, he having a warrant for his arrest on a charge of highway robbery and attempted outrage. Yesterday the officer found Rice, who has recently joined the United States army, promenading the streets of Williamsburg in the martial costume of

A "BOLD SOLDIER BOY,"
and he immediately took him to the Sixth precinct station house, where he was locked up to await examination on the charges mentioned. It is alleged that on the evening of the 8th uit. Rice met a young that on the evening of the sthult. Rice met a young servant girl, who is in the employ of Charles Nolter, Johnson street plank road, while she was on her way home with a basket of groceries. After securing the groceries he threw the girl—who is only thirteen years of age—on the street, and, sinding a woollen scarf into her mouth to prevent her giving an alarm, he attempted to outrage her person. The helpless girl finally managed to call so loudly for aid that her ruffianly assailant became alarmed and ran away before accomplishing his diabolical purpose. To escape arrest he immediately afterwards joined the army. There is also a warrant out for Rice on a charge of larceny. He will have an examination before Justice Eames to-day.

TENTONIO FREE LOVERS IN NEWARK

Some time ago Philip Bien, a middle aged German, residing in Newark, mysteriously disappeared from his home, leaving his sorrowing wife Rosa to enact almost incessantly the role of Nione. Reenact aimost incessantly the role of Niobe. Re-cently Rosa dried her tears, on learning that Phili was not dead, but living a life of pleasure, if not of moral propriety, with one Barbara Stickel, a matron of comely appearance, some ten years his junior. Yesterday, on a warrant issued by Justice Mills, at the instigation of the much-abused Rosa, Philip and Barbara were lodged in jail on a very grave charge.

COURT CALENDARS-THIS BAY.

SUPREME COURT-SPECIAL TERM—Held by Judge Brady. Demurrers—Nos. 1, 7, 8, 19, 188ues of law and fact—Nos. 75, 81, 60, 59, 95, 116, 130, 131, 132, 135, 145, 147, 148, 149, 151, 152, 153, 154, 156, 54, 55, 69, 71, 72, 125, 643₂, 155, 108, 47, 50, 81, 86, 171, 110, 113, 114, 18, 140-5. BEME COURT-CIRCUIT-Part 1-Held by Judge

SUPREME COURT—CIRCUIT—Part 1—Held by Judge Sutherland.—Nos. 21, 51, 57, 81, 1883, 95, 203, 355, 323, 555, 647, 195, 31, 45, 99, 575, 100, 33, 85, 145. Part 2—Held by Judge Van Brunt.—Nos. 72, 42, 2154, 1338, 202, 5224, 2524, 12634, 192, 203, 524, 2524, 1684, 1882, COMMON PLASS, TRIAL TERM—Part 1—Held by Judge Loew.—Nos. 346, 347, 671, 788, 325, 249, 604, 733, 533 574, 614, 458, 703, 220, 11356.

MARINE COURT—TRIAL TERM—Held by Judge Curtis—Part 2.—Nos. 5209, 5349, 5377, 3020, 30204, 4861, 1076, 6134, 6130, 1021, 6031, 5031, 5031, 5031, 6134, 6130, 5107, 6131, 5031, 5031, 6134, 6130, 5107, 5137, 3020, 30204, 4861, 1076, 6134, 6130, 5107, 5031, 503 MARKE CONTROL OF THE CONTROL OF THE

PLENTY ROOM FOR EMIGRANTS. -East of the Mis PLENTY ROOM FOR PARTIES UNdisposed of 60,000,0 acres of public lauds. West of that river, excluding Alaska, are 993,742,562 acres, distributed as f

lows:-	Acres.
Iowa, Missouri and Arkansas	
Dakota and Wyoming	145,295,28
Montana	86,904,60
Kansas	43,148,87
Nebraska	42,523,62
Colorado and Idaho	117,800 00
New Mexico and Utah	124,140,00
Nevada and Artzona	
Minnesota	
Caufornia, Oregon and Washington	201,000,00
Indian Territory	44,154,00

CRIME IN THE WEST.

Visit to the Cuyahoga County (Ohio) Jail in Cleveland.

ITS PROMINENT INMATES INTERVIEWED.

Shallenberg, the Sentenced Wife Murderer: Jonnie Droz, the Assassin of Major Julius Fisk, the "Courteous Gentleman," and "O Bob Ridley, Ho!" Who Sent Jerry Peterson to His Final Account - What They Say and How They Act.

The Spirit of Shallenberg's Slain Wife in His Ceil Nightly Beckening On to the Gallows.

of Illicit Love and Frailty.

"Crime, indeed p" CLEVELAND, March 16, 1871.

And handsome Sheriff Frazee, of Cuyahoga county, as he sat in his office, room No. 5 Court House buildings, this city, paused, and lighting a fresh cigar smoked away at it in silence, with long and seiemn and regular puris.

"Crime, I ndeed !" he repeated with decision. "Why, that jail yonder is full of incorrigible rascals, professed villains, hardened criminals, unhappy wretches. One convicted murderer, sen-tenced to be hung up like a dog; a fair-faced girl, with mild eye and slender hand, and a broad shouldered Hercules dark as nigger blood ever made man, look forward to trials for putting out two lives as you would

and bank robbers and bruisers and shoulder nit-ters—they are all there, familiar with the dreary

walls and grated cells." Then Sheriff Frazee turned to his nesk, and, hand ing me a pass, said, "Give that to the keeper and look at

OUR WESTERN JAIL and its inmates."

I cross Monumental square, with its busy men and fair women intent upon wealth and recreation, to the north side of Rockwell street, where I stand upon the threshold of this omnium gatherum, into which every rascal and unfortunate honest man or life-taker is introduced on his way to liberty with a blasted character or on his way to the Penitentiary at Columbus with no character at all, or to his final

It is not guite the Tombs of New York in size, but THE SHAPELESS MASS

is quite as much in the way in the crowded precincts of Cleveland as the former is in New York. The "style" reminds you of something run mad, and its buildings as they are grouped together have a resemblance to one of those old rumbling baronial fortresses of the English mediaval ages, whose throats vomited forth in days of trouble hundreds of armed men and harnessed horses to fatten on the good things and rich pastures of Merrie England.

THE SHERIFF'S DOCUMENT to the keeper, William G. Fisher, a bright young man, and, contrary to my expectation, well informed-one of those few prison officials who have any knowledge of the philosophy of things about them.

"Which first?" he asks sententiously, picking up the huge keys and eyeing me from head to foot as he buttoned more tightly his coat around a pair of shoulders that would have made John C. Heenan's reputation.

"The convicted and sentenced murderer, WILLIAM SHALLENBERG."

"Come on."

The monotonous clang of the iron doors follow in the sullen old fortress and seem like a memory of terrible dreams, and the footsteps sounding on the granite pavement of the gloomy corridor the echoes of doomed souls who fret wearily behind prison bars. The patches of blue sky that look through the narrow bars of the stinted windows and the dear, delicious sunlight that struggles in between the dust and cobwebs seem as if suffering from the strenuous jail discipline, and the view is weary and offensive to the visitor.

We went up the stairs-hard, cruel iron steps, on every side-and then, with an instant's padse, the barsh scrape of the lock and the drawing of the boit, I stand before William Shallenberg, a Hancverian, who on Sunday, 25th of last September, on Clark avenue, this city,

down like a dog. He made sure of his victim, hold ing the revolver close to her face, and when he was certain the two bullets he had sent into her head had fulfilled their mission he ran away like a cur. I look steadily at William and he returns the gaze

"Here's a friend who wants to speak with you Shallenberg," tells the keeper. I remember he is to die, and that, too, within these ernel walls, and just underneath the gallery there,

on the RIGHTEENTH OF MAY next, and I refuse to take the proffered stool. Shall lenberg insists, and the wife murderer puts down upon the narrow bunk a Lutheran Testament which has been perusing by the dim second-hand light that struggles by sections through the bars of hi cell door.

"How is your health, William ?" I venture, as he leaned wearily against his parrow bunk.

"Not quite so well as it was first, sir." comes back in a quiet, soft, smooth tone, with but little or no accent, and while he speaks I try to trace anything like that mental imbecility, that idocy, attributed to the condemned man, but fall. "I guess I am

"I guess I am

NOT SO STRONG
as I used to be in the old stone yard, chipping and cutting the blocks; I don't take exercise enough. This is a narrow place, you see."

"Yes, quite narrow, William."

"But I suppose it's the right place for me. I did'nt know what deed I had done, but do now. Some good men have come and told me; they have prayed for me and told me what must come to one that has killed his wife. But she did wrong to me: she was with me at Oberlin, Ohio, and there we talked about getting married. I knew what she was before; knew she had been bad, but was willing to forgive her; and when we got back to Cleveland, my work stopping at Oberlin, she used to follow me to the street, and ask

VILLIAM, WHEN ARE

we to be married? At last, one night, we swore to each other to be what we are, live together, and then we got some new ciothes, went to a minister's and got married.

But she did wrong to me,? still harped the condemned man. "Them _____ who keep the tad

But she did wrong to me," still harped the condemned man. "Them — who keep the bad
houses make her go away from my home, stay all
day and come back at mgat. I didn't say much for
a white, but got stavin' mad, until one night I called
her into the bedroom and told her, 'i tell you I can't
bear it, Anne;' but she never stopped, and at last
we quarrelied and she wanted to run away from me
that night, and oh! I didn't know what I did."

Thus confessed that powerful, brawny fellow how
he sent his wife, whom he had lived with before
their marrage.

te her final account. But he did not tell the whole story. He did not tell the whole story. He did not tell that his domestic relations had been rather eccentric; that he obtained a divorce—one of your double and twisted Chicago divorces—from his first wife to live with the murdered woman. His first wife had six or seven children, but that did not stop him, nor did he tell of his once being maed fifty dollars and sent to the county jail on

A CHARGE OF ADULTERY.

He said but little about his attempted escape after the murdered woman lay in her blood on the cold ground; but perhaps it is just as well.

But now the cumity of that September night has seemingly gone.

But now the cumity of that September night has seemingly gone.

"I am prepared to die," ne continued; "I know what I did, and whether I die in the short time before me or go to Columbus (the penitentiary) if makes no difference."

"And oh!"—and Shallenberg turned and whispered rather vehemently in my ear, standing erest and exhibiting for the first time something like a WILDNESS OF MANNER—

"my wife, my Anne, comes to me every night in this cell since I killed her and talks to me, wants me to come with her. A light shines around her, and this is nice."

The visits of the spirit of his wife he has tenaciously clung to since his sentence of death. He has told fellow prisoners of this horror and seems to delight in it. The dead woman's cry of anguish when she lay that night on the damp, chilling earth, with

livid lips and lack-instre eyes wide open, is nothing now. Nothing is the motionless, helpiess corpse. Grief cannot now come.

ELOOD! ELOOD! HLOOD!

that trickied from her face, and once the thought of which made this man, in a court room, as it was told the jury, himself seem translixed and aghast, is nothing. That's all over. He has been forgiven, and that by his victim. Night after night, in the rear of his cell, that dank, gloomy abode, she comes to him. There is nothing loathsome about her; but, standing in a long white robe, she beckons him on, on to the gallows.

"Do you see her, Shallenberg!"

"Yes, I do, and I talk with her," he returns, and his sudden animation has now gone.

"What does she say?"

"God is good; I cannot tell that."

And this the condemned evidently believed. The prisoner in the next cell avers that nearly the whole of every night this man is talking lond, and he often raps upon the leaden wall to stop

"His p——— Eosh,"

as the hardened vidain calls it.

Papers, books and panaphices are about the repulsive cell. The immerfect forniture is a shelf and a stool. Above the rough bunk or cot there are journals, farnished by the Young Mers' Christian Association, and on the other end several books. "Songs of bevotton," in English: a Lutheran hymn book, German Bable and German Prayer Book are noticed, and while I look at these messengers of pence, sent by thoughtind christians, Shallenberg startles me with—

"See here; this is the likeness

"See here; this is the likeness
OF MY CHILD
by my first wife," and I take the daguerreotype and
look upon a sweet lemale face of seven or eight
summers; you can see the father in those eyes, and
as the picture is banded back the man who put
away that child's mother from his nome and did,
beyond all comparison, worse with the second wife,
says:—

beyond all comparison, worse with the second all comparison, worse with the second with says:

"She's a good girl, and has been here twice to see me," and tears for the first time in our interview suffuse the wretched eyes looking down upon me. He quickly recovers, and, delighted, again picks up a cheap print containing a celestin-looking face with the broad rulle of lace around the neck, indicative of the peaceful character of him it represents. onts. ... This is the clergyman

"Tais is the clergyman and the Hanover," slowly utters within, and beneath it is read "August Welbezahn; Consisteriariah U Prediger in Osnabruck, 1845." Sad satisfaction that

remembrance!
The keeper now approaches us and I think I have conversed long enough with the condemned. With an undaunted look he shakes me by the hand,

an undaunted look he shakes me by the hand, saying.

"Tell them I am

"Eadly to die,
come when it will—goodby," and the clang of the cell door, the ronge gasp of the bolt and Shallenberg is again alone in the dark, gloomy cell.

Shallenberg was ably detended on his crini before the criminal branch of the Common Pleas Court, Judge R. F. Paine pressing. His counsel were Messrs. M. F. Castle and J. W. Towner, Messrs. E. P. and A. T. Stale were the prosecuting officers. He was arrangued at the same time with Dr. Jay F. Galentine, who shot and killed Dr. Jones under circumstances of a similar nature, as alleged. Galentine is in the Columbus Penticatiary, and Shallenberg is under

One had money and the other had not, "Next, sir?" asks the obliging keeper, "Where now?" "The young girl that shot and killed Major Julius Fisk, the landlord of the Chri House, at Rocky river, on the outskirts of Cleveland, Thursday, Feb-ruary 16 last,

"This way, sir," and I am led to the femnie department and ushered into Jennie's day sitting room. It is a large room—the choice locality of the jail. Her brother is with her, having obtained permission from kind-hearted sherin! Frazee to call upon her. Both rise as we enter, Jennie with a grace that astonishes me, and a rude stool is placed before us, with "That's all I can other, sir." Brother and sister! She

and sister! She
CHARGED WITH MURDER!
Can that pale face, that slender form, nerve her
spirit to such a dreadful deed? I look into the blue
eyes and think that some desperate füry, some great
wrong, must have been committed before she sent
the soul of her seducer—a gant in physique—into

Serrity.

Ask me not what the maiden feels
Left in that oreacial hoor alone;
Perchance her reason stoops and reets,
Perchance a courage not her own
Braces her mino to desperate tone.
Flowerpots stand in the lefthand corner of the

cell; the floor is as clean as sand and scrubbing can make n, yet the room is desolate and ionely. "How do you spend your time Jenner" I asked, as she stops conversing with her brother and picks up "I read and sew, sew and read,

"I read and sew, sew and read,

AND THINK, SIR!

This book I find quite entertaining; it is from the
Cleveland Public Library; the title is 'Bound Down,
or Life and its Possibilities.' They are very kind in
furnishing me reading matter.'

"How long, Jennie, nave you been here!"

"Over three weeks, and it will be four weeks tomorrow night when 1—won't it, brother?"

"Yes."

"Over three weeks, and it will obtain the action morrow night when 1-won't it, brother?"

"Yes,"
It is four weeks to-night when this girl, smarting under the wrongs of a Maiden Betrayed,
honor gone and body diseased by her betrayer, that she stepped into a gun store on Superior street, this city, and bought a single-barrelled pistol. There she went to a livery stable on Bank street and on credit obtained a horse and ouggy. At half-past eight o'clock she arrived at the Cliff House and songht an audience with Major Fisk, whem many are pleased to say was a "courieous gentleman." At half-past nine o'clock she had found Fisk and after an interview of some dutation, the man with the "uxuriant winskers" was found

"ASFING HIS LAST BREATH,
while the young woman found her briggy and drove to the cits. At twenty in nuces to twelve o'clock she reappeared at the liver, stable and the man in tharge of the place, noticing something singular in her appearance and that she made no attention to alignt, asked her the reason. The answer

charge of the place, noticing something singular in her appearance and that she made no attempt to alight, asked her the reason. The answer came strangely, "I wonder if the Major is dead!" "sigor who?" but to this there was no repit. He then helped her out of the buggy, and as she sat down in the olice remarked.

"I FEEL SO SIRANGELY."

She then took a pistol from her pocket and asked it the ball had gone, moaning at times as it she was in the greatest mental agony, and occasionally looking about with frightened stare. Payment was requested for the horse and buggy, when her pocketbook was handed to the nostler, who found one cent and two receipted paysicians' bills therein. The man at the stable kept the pistol as security, but afterward surrendered it to the police. The girl then walked to her boarding house and went to her room.

Her arrest was effected soon that night and she

when the officer found her. In palliation of her offence she said that Fisk had ruined her, given her a loathsome disease, and, driven from friends and home, she had asked for pecuniary aid; but he had refused, spurned and scorned her. Then she had bot him. Such is the story of the alleged crime of the girl

shot him.

Such is the story of the alleged crime of the girl before me. Certainly her manner, her tone, her actions and the little rippling laugh brought to her lips by an observation this instant repei the feeling that she is a murderess. Better, perhaps, the man she killed had mirrored her.

Now she looks up and asks, as her hair falls over her face,

"Is there anything more that I can say, sir?"

"No, thank you:" and I bade the little girl farewell that in ten weeks will be TRIED FOR MURDER.

She has the sympathies of hundreds who are familiar with the case; even of those who feel that such passions and self-wills should be placed beyond the prying curiosity of a censorious world.

"Must brother go, too?" she asked appealingly of the keeper, as we were leaving.

Jallors have hearrs, or at least my friend has one, and he answered, "Why, bless you, Jennie, no." Brother and sister again sat down thankfully, and our steps are turned to another alleged murderer's cell.

"O BOR RIDLEY, HO?"

The morning following Jennie Drzes, visit to the

cell.

"O BOB RIDLEY, HO!"

The morning following Jennie Droz's visit to the Cliff House the classic precincts of Cleveland near to Third street resonnded with the ery of "murder," and "Bob Ridley," an African fit to stand as a statue, born in bondage and chains, and who, like others of his race, withstood the perils and fires of a down-trodden race for a lifetime, plunged a indeous knite between the

others of his race, winistood the perils and fires of a down-trodden race for a lifetime, plunged a lideous knile between the library perfers on, an old colored triend, and Jerry soon died in the arms of Ann Lucas, a young colored woman, who had caused the trouble. Rum and jealousy again.

No. 25 Third street was where the tragedy occurred. Dirty and squalid it is in the extreme. On a miliside, and ranning down one side of the street was a wooden sewer, mro which had been emptied the mirdered man's blood. The middy slush had a GHASTLY REP TIME.

Sympathizing mokes sat around the victim coolly discussing the killing, while Jerry was had out in the middle of the room, but half dressel. Upon his face was a pleasant smile, as though he rather liked being murdered.

Up in Ann's room were harlots of every hue and shade, black and white, with two white men to keep them company. Ann was widing, between her paroxysms of grief, to tell the story of the orime, while a yellow piccaninny, her son oy Bob, like an india rubber ball bounded and gamboiled about m his innocence, as if the whole affair

WAS A PENNY LARK.

From the flippant statement of the black woman it appears that four years ago Ann never knew that the sun shone on such a darky as Jerry, and she went to live with a shadow familiarly known as "Bob fidley, Mo!" They lived as man and wife, although sech conventional preliminaries as a parson, ileense and marriage ceremony had been dispensed with. Two children were the iruits of

THIS "UNION," a boy now four years old and a girl two years. Ib a boy now four years old and a girl two years. Its appears that Ann was a very devoted mistress, but according to her story this devotion was but hily requited by the ungrateful "Bob Ridley, Ho!" Last April he left her and went to Detrout, tenderly informing her that she could hoe it alone. This addiction she bore with becoming and philosophic meets, continuing to work and drudge, wear the red bandanna handkerchief about the place where the wool on her head does grow, thus endeavoring by scrubbing and tugging

wool on her head does grow, dus candelled scrubbing and tugging to keep her mind on things more practical than a crushed and broken love, not to let the worm gnaw too deep into her sensitive heart. The yellow piccanimy she kept with her, and the little girl boarded out. One morning, as the darling lad was boarded out. One morning, as the darling lad was

came upon the scene. He was a professional cook, and practised his art in first class places only. He wanted to stop that worm gnuwing at Ann's heart, and Ann was touched and willing. He went, saw

wanted to stop that werm gnawing at Ann's heart, and Ann was touched and willing. He wont, saw and conquered.

Casual acquammance ripened into affection, affection grew into love, and

AFTER A FERMENTATION
love overthrew all obstacles and Jerry and Anagreet to live as man and wife without the legal and appropriate formatities peculiar to such conceitons. All this was in the adjunt of such conceitons. All this was in the adjunt of such conceitons. All this was in the adjunt of legal and appropriate formatities peculiar to such conceitons. All this was in the adjunt of legal and appropriate formatities peculiar to such conceitons. All this was in the adjunt of legal and appropriate formatities peculiar to cleve, and three days prior to the last date. Two days there alies he called on his old love and wanted her, but she refused. She had tried him and would not stand it any longer; in short, he might said must like he refused. She had tried him and would not stand it any longer; in short, he might and must lemp a wanted her, but she refused. She had tried him and would not stand it any longer; in short, he might and hust him went any onger and acknowledging that Ann had been a good woman to thin, want away with the remark that he would not "hurt a hair of ner nead." He meant that.

The next morning, fatal Friday, Feormary 17, between eight and nine o'clock, Bob went to the shartly again. The serenity of the night before had gone like the mist of the morning, and the colored GRAY was ANGREED.

He crossed the room with an ugly swanger and sat down on a three-legged stool. Ann was busy at the washink, and Jerry, like a faithful kinght, stood on the other side of the room.

"Two come to settle up my accounts," said Bob, with a wicked leer.

"I suppose," said Jerry, "that you come over to talk with me."

"No, G—d d—n you to h—li," growled Rieley: "I don't want to talk to talk to fais ado,"

"If you want her," recorted Jerry, "you must rent another bouse and take ner out."

"If you want her." recorted Jerry, "you must rent "If you want her," recorded Jerry, "you must rent another house and take her out."

"No I won't," said Boo, "I will sleep with Ann Lucas to-aught in that bed," pointing to a decidedly uninviting couch in the corner of the room.

"No you won't," put in Ann. "I ain't a going to live with you, so you needn't say anything about sleeping or nothin' uy that kind."

Just then Jerry started to walk into another room,

and it was

Als WALK TO DEATH,
as Ridley, with the herocity of a tiger, sprang upon
bin, and, plunging a kinfe not less horrid than a
rapier under his third ru, twisted and jerked it
under a great gaping wound was made, from which
he blood spuried in torrents. Then "boo Ridley,
ho" ded; but as no passed the door Jerry drew a revover and fired at itto, but his nerves were unsteady, and the ball went wide or its mark. The
wounded man stargered, and would have fallen out
of the front window into the street, but

ANN'S PROFECTION ARMS

saved him from that catastrophe, and he deed in her loving embrace.

I am before "Rob Ridley, Ho?" and this Otnello stands inches above six feet. His cell is consamented with coarse illustrations cut from cheap weeklies, and they are arranged with some proteine to arbitic test. Hob resis his arms at ease, with his hat off, and I am compelled to look up

"How do they treat you, Bob?"
"Very well, sir; can't comblain."
"Where were you born, Bob?" and the answer comes in a low lone, with none of your nigger killoms.

idioms,
"I was born a slave in New Orleans, str; my father

"I was sorn a since in New Orleans, sir; my tather bought his own freedom, took four cultifren and then the onderground Railroad (the you know that, sir;) and we got out of bondage,"

"Is Bob Ridley your name?"

"No, sir, they called me that because I used to sing the old song pictty well, but I don't feel like

sing the old song pretty well, but I don't feet like SINGING ANY MORE.

My name," as Bob's eyes filled, "s William Stewart, I've knocked around the world a good deat, been decknamd, worked in Cleveland, Chicago and all over, but never thought I would come to this. He was my best friend. Do you think I'LL HANG, SIR!"

The query comes straightforward, without a wink—Bob means it. wink—Bob means it.

"Why, Bob, I can't tell, you know: I hope not."

And I think of that big, live, strong man going up on a noose and falling like a dead dog, and I shudder.

"My little boy is here: they let him come in often.

"My little boy is here; they let him come in often. Would you like to see him?"
"Certamly, Bob," and in a moment, led by another prisoner, a little molasses colored youth runs to his lather, and, with an embrace by those brawny arms which I thought would, smash the

LITTLE LIMES INTO PULF,
they kiss each other, and the HERALD writer was looking over the gailery and up out of the windows while he told Eob that his boy was a very nice boy. Why describe such a secure?

The clank of the keeper's keys are heard again, and it comes as a warning that hos and I must pair.
"Can I do anything for you, Bob? Have you got plenty of tobacco?"

"Can't do adyname for you, but you send me a little?"
"No, sir, I havn't; won't you send me a little?"
"Yes." And I send Bob some tobacco a few minness after, and then leave hint to his own heart and child. "Hob Riddey, Mo?" Is a game man; but would be rather not be to-night on the deex of some old schooner than here in jall, charming his messmates, as oft done before, with—

Oh, white folks I hab cross'd de mountides. How many miles I didn't count 'on; Oh, Pae left de folks at de old plantation An' come down here for my education. Oh, Bob Ridley, ho!

De first time dat I ober got a lickin'
'Twas down at de forks ob de cotton pickin',
Oh! it made me dance—it made me tremole,
I, godly, it made my sphale jingle.
Oh. Bob Ridley, ho! Ob. Bob Bidley, hol

My work is done. Sheriff Frazee is right. "Crime indeed, sir?" Yes, Cayanoga county joil is full of first class criminal representatives. Perhaps there is nothing remarkable in all this, for it is a chapter of every day life. But here are a murderer, alleged murderes and murderess, with bank robbers and burders of high and low degree, and justice is stern in this country, but tempered with mercy. We shut and try to keep shul up these tigers of civilized society for having moral langs and teeth, last as lions are for possessing the physical representatives of these destructive accessories. Alas, for Christian civilization! Alas, for all talse philantimopy! ivilization! Alas, for all false philanthropy

inons are for po-sessing the physical representatives of these destructive accessories. Alas, for Christian eivilization! Alas, for all talse philanthropy!

Dr. Galeathe has gest seek state of the physical problem. The person of the person

square before it sinks beyond the norizon, a sort of good night to

SAINT AND SINNER

of Cleveland, and, as I thank the keeper for his attention, there comes a merry chorus from within the wails that I have just left, and ringing far our into the square and street is heard the old planta-

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away, And I'll never see my darling any more; I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day, For you've gone from the Old Kentucky shore!

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way; Hark! there's somewody knocking at the door; Oh! I hear the acgels calling, and I see my Neily Gray; Parcwell to the Old Kentucky shore!

I should like to see Shallenberg and "Bob Ridley, to " this moment; out I am out under the sky gain, out where God's air is freer than in that ungeon, and I refrain— "Crime, indeed!" eriff, you are right.

ARTEUL DODGERS DODGED.

On Saturday night a band of New York and Brook! lyn pickpockets turned up in Newark in the guise of street prize candy and gift jewelry merchants. They were doing a thriving business, both in their real and assumed vocation, among the crowds of unsuspecting Newarkers who gathered around their stands, when suddenly a man named Charles F. Bertrand, of No. 13 Lake street, discovered that his handsome silver watch and seventy-five dollar gold chain had disappeared from his pocket. "Police. ponce?" cried Charles. "I guess we'll close up snop," said one of the "merchants," as he blew out his nambeaux. Charles' cry was heard by Chief Glasby's "bobbles," who pounced upon the mer-chants and their attendants and marched them to the station house. Four of the gang, Francis M. Smith, John Downey and Joseph Prince, ail of New York, and William Dougherty, of Brooklyn, were committed for trial yesterday on suspicion of larceny. It is believed that this gang carried on an extensive pocket picking ousmess in front of Centre market on Saturday night.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS ON CAPE COD, MASS.—At the town meeting in Pambroke last week, Mrs. Robert Barker and Mrs. N. K. Randall were elected Over-seers of the Poor, and Miss Sarah J. Brown a mem-